

Hamish Henderson's

Ballads
of
World
War II

Collected for

THE LILI MARLEEN CLUB OF GLASGOW

BALLADS OF WORLD WAR II

Collected by

SEUMAS MOR MACEANRUIG

(Hamish Henderson)

FIRST COLLECTION

Issued by

THE LILI MARLEEN CLUB OF GLASGOW

To Members only

FOREWORD

The balladry of World War II developed in conditions quite unlike those of previous major wars. It grew up under the shadow of—and often in virtual conflict with—the official or commercial radio of the combatant nations.

The state radio in time of war does not encourage divergence from the straight patriotic line. It regards most expressions of the human reaction to soldiering as a drag on the national war effort. Accordingly it does not allot a great deal of time to the genuine Army ballad.

For the Army balladeer comes of a rebellious house. His characteristic tone is one of cynicism. The aims of his government and the military virtue of his comrades are alike target for unsparing (and usually obscene) comment. Shakespeare, who ran God close in the matter of creation, knew him well and called him Thersites.

Of course, the state radio was wrong about the morale effect of the Army ballad, as about nearly every thing else. Perhaps the most cynical ballads of the war were produced by German troops in Italy at the same time that they were fighting an exemplary rear-guard action right up the peninsula.

The only ballad I have included which was also a radio hit is "Lili Marleen." This song, with its haunting tune, gained a currency among both Axis and Allied troops in the desert which entitles it to inclusion. It also sprouted variants and parodies galore in the authentic ballad manner.

Needless to say I have refused to insult these ballads by bowdlerising them.

SEUMAS MÓR.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to express my indebtedness to all those friends in the Services who have given me versions of the ballads included in this collection; especially Captain Donald Campbell, who gave me the text of the Tunisian Gaullistes' song, and Piper Frank Stewart of the Sixth Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, who let me have the Ballad of the Banffies.

CONTENTS

NUMBER

PAGE

FOREWORD	iii
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	iv
I. THE BALLAD OF WADI MAKILLA	7
II. BALLAD OF THE D-DAY DODGERS	9
III. BALLAD OF THE BIG NOBS	11
IV. THE ROADS TO ROME	12
V. BALLAD OF THE TAXI DRIVER'S CAP	13
VI. HIGHLAND DIVISION'S FAREWELL TO SICILY	15
VII. SONG OF THE TUNISIAN GAULLISTES	17
VIII. BALLAD OF KING FARUK AND QUEEN FARIDA	19
IX. BALLAD OF THE BLUBBING BUCHMANITE	23
X. BALLAD OF THE BANFFIES	25
XI. GIOVINEZZA TEDESCA	27
XII. FALL OF TOBRUK	28
XIII. SONG OF THE ADMIRAL GRAF VON SPEE	29
XIV. LILI MARLEEN	31
XV. A PIONEER CORPS BALLAD	36
XVI. CANAGLIA PEZZENTE	37
XVII. KENNST DU DEN AVANTI SCHRITT ?	39
XVIII. PHONEY WAR—WESTERN FRONT	40
XIX. PER VOI FANCIULLE BELLE DELLA VIA	41
XX. BALLAD OF ANZIO	42
XXI. AN R.A. BALLAD	44
XXII. ROUND AND ROUND HITLER'S GRAVE	45
XXIII. LIED DES DEUTSCHEN AFRIKA KORPS	47

THE BALLAD OF WADI MAKTILLA

(Describing a somewhat abortive raid by the 2nd Camerons on an Iti outpost about 12 miles East of Sidi Barrani—1940).

Now here is my story, it happened one night,
 How the Seventy Ninth they went into a fight.
 They were carried in lorries over bump, rock and
 cranny—
 Many arses felt sore on that road to Barrani!

Chorus :

What the hell
 'S all the fuss?

O wouldn't you, wouldn't you like to be us?

Then we hoofed it along, lads, to Musso's armed villa
 —A stronghold it was, and named Wadi Maktilla.
 We tip-toed along, as we came near our mark—
 Not a sound could be heard, all was silent and dark.

Then suddenly the Itis let go all they had;
 It's a bloody good job that their aiming was bad.
 We got down on the ground and we lay as if dead,
 While the shells and the whizzbangs flew over our head.

Many lads prayed to heaven, which before they 'd
forsaken,

And they thought that they 'd eaten their last of tinned
bacon.

But the Itis felt worse as they lay in their sangars,
And their guns roared in fear, for it wasn't in anger.

There were Libyans against us, both filthy and black
But we yelled *Cabar Feidh!* as we pressed the attack.
Then the Wops shouted "Bruno" on whom they are
nuts,

But they got for their pains our cold steel in their guts.

Now most of the Camerons, there isn't a doubt,
Got corns on their knees from this crawling about.
But the blokes that lay flat brought us many a grin,
For the most of their bellies were all hackit-skin.

When at last we emerged from that *unhealthy* zone,
We got on the trucks and we headed for home.
You can say what you like, you have plenty of scope,
Do you think we enjoyed it? My Christ! What a hope!

(Tune: *Villikens and His Dinah*, alias *The
Ould Orange Flute*).

II

BALLAD OF THE D-DAY DODGERS

(A rumour started in Italy that Lady Astor had referred to the boys of the C.M.F. as D-Day dodgers).

We 're the D-Day Dodgers, out in Italy—
Always on the vino, always on the spree.

8th Army scroungers and their tanks

We live in Rome —among the Yanks.

We are the D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy.

We landed at Salerno, a holiday with pay;
The Jerries brought the bands out to greet us on the
way....

Showed us the sights and gave us tea.

We all sang songs—the beer was free,
To welcome D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy.

Naples and Cassino were taken in our stride,
We didn't go to fight there—we went there for the ride.

Anzio and Sangro were just names,

We only went to look for dames—
The artful D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy.

On the way to Florence we had a lovely time.
We ran a bus to Rimini right through the Gothic Line.

Soon to Bologna we will go

And after that we'll cross the Po.

We'll still be D-Day dodging, way out in Italy.

Once we heard a rumour that we were going home,
Back to dear old Blighty—never more to roam.

Then someone said: "In France you'll fight!"

We said: "No fear—we'll just sit tight!"

(The windy D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy).

We hope the Second Army will soon get home on leave;
After six month's service it's time for their reprieve.

But we can carry on out here

Another two or three more years—

Contented D-Day Dodgers to stay in Italy.

Dear Lady Astor, you think you know a lot,
Standing on a platform and talking tommy-rot.

You, England's sweetheart and its pride,

We think your mouth's too bleeding wide

That's from your D-Day Dodgers—in far off Italy.

Look around the mountains, in the mud and rain—
You'll find the scattered crosses—(there's some which
have no name).

Heartbreak and toil and suffering gone,

The boys beneath them slumber on.

Those are the D-Day Dodgers who'll stay in Italy.

III

BALLAD OF THE BIG NOBS

There's Wavell, there's Wavell
And he contemplates his navel
But he *was* some fuckin' use
to the Eighth Ar-mee.

There's the Auk, there's the Auk
And although some bastards talk
Och, he didn't do so bad
for the Eighth Ar-mee.

There's Ritchie, there's Ritchie
And his arse is feeling itchie
For he wasn't much fuckin' use
to the Eighth Ar-mee.

There's Stalin, there's Stalin
That the worker's got a pal in,
And he *is* some fuckin' use
to the Eighth Ar-mee.

There's Winston, there's Winston
And he ought to be in Princetown
But he *is* some fuckin' use
to the Eighth Ar-mee.

O we had two Hielan laddies—

Now we've got two Irish paddies.

Let's hope they're some fuckin' use
to the Eighth Ar-mee.

(Sung September 1942)

IV

THE ROADS TO ROME

The Caesars were a randy crew—

Ye ken the story o'm.

They tauld this tale tae Goy and Jew

That a' roads lead tae Rome.

But for a' the haverin o' the runts,

An' the bletherin blarney o'm

Ye heard ae sang frae a' oor fronts:

There's nae road leads tae Rome.

But noo ye'll hear the pipers play

Afore St. Peter's Dome

And Scotland tells the world today

That oor road led tae Rome.

(Tune : *The Roads to Rome*—a pipe march composed by Pipe Major MacConnochie of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.)

V

BALLAD OF THE TAXI DRIVER'S CAP

(To a refrain by M. J. Craig)

O Hitler's a non-smoker
and Churchill smokes cigars
and they're both as keen as mustard
on imperialistic wars.

But your uncle Joe's a worker
and a very decent chap
*because he smokes a pipe and wears
a taxi-driver's cap.*

When Rommel got to Alamein
and shook the British line
the whole of Cairo beat it to
the land of Palestine.

But Moscow's never raised a yell
and never had a flap
*because Joe smokes a pipe and wears
a taxi-driver's cap.*

That Hitler's armies can't be beat
is just a lot of cock,
for Marshal Timoshenko's boys
are pissing through von Bock.

The Fuehrer makes the bloomers
and his Marshals take the rap;
*meanwhile Joe smokes a pipe and wears
a taxi-driver's cap.*

The Fascist drive on Stalingrad
is going mighty slow.
They've got a room in Number Nine
of Slobberskaya Row.
When Fascist armies start to run
old Gobbels fills the gap.
*Meanwhile Joe smokes a pipe and wears
a taxi driver's cap!*

At home those beggars publicise
the deeds of "our Ally"
whose dearest wish was once to biff
the Bolshie in the eye.
Your uncle Joe is wise to this;
he isn't such a sap
*although he smokes a pipe and wears
a taxi-driver's cap!*

(Tune : The Lincolnshire Poacher).

VI

THE HIGHLAND DIVISION'S
FAREWELL TO SICILY

I

The pipie is dozie, the pipie is fey,
He wullnae come roon for his vino the day.
The sky ower Messina is unco an' grey
And a' the bricht chaulmers are eerie.

Then fare weel ye banks o' Sicily
Fare ye weel ye valley an' shaw.
There's nae Jock will mourn the kyles o' ye
Puir bliddy bastards are weary.

And fare weel ye banks o' Sicily
Fare ye weel ye valley an' shaw.
There's nae hame can smoor the wiles o' ye
Puir bliddy bastards are weary.

Then doon the stair and line the waterside
Wait your turn, the ferry's awa.
Then doon the stair and line the waterside
A' the bricht chaulmers are eerie,

II

The drummie is polisht, the drummie is braw
He cannae be seen for his webbin ava.
He's beezed himsel up for a photo an' a'
Tae leave wi his Lola, his dearie.

Then fare weel ye dives o' Sicily
(Fare ye weel ye shieling an' ha')
And fare weel ye byres and bothies
Whaur kind signorinas were cheerie.

And fare weel ye dives o' Sicily
(Fare ye weel ye shieling an' ha')
We'll a' mind shebeens and bothies
Whaur Jock made a date wi' his dearie.

Then tune the pipes and drub the tenor drum
(Leave your kit this side o' the wa')
Then tune the pipes and drub the tenor drum—
A' the bricht chaulmers are eerie.

*(Tune : " Farewell to the Creeks," a
well-known Gordon Pipe March).*

VII

SONG OF THE TUNISIAN GAULLISTES

Rommel de la Mer Rouge
va atteindre les bords.
Que personne ne bouge—
voilà L'Afrika Korps !

Chorus

Sur la terre ronde
qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,
Sur la terre ronde
qu'il fait bon courir !

Du haut des Pyramides
les siècles en émoi
attendent les bolides
en palpitant d'effroi.

Des souvenirs du Caire
nous achèterons aux Souks.
Hélas, la guerre-éclair
les ramène à Tobrouk.

Toujours avec vaillance
l'armée de Mussolini
poursuivant son avance
revient à Tripoli,

La magnifique armée
du général LECLERC
pousse à marches forcées
au travers du désert.

Pour des positions prêtes
de tout' l'éternité
bondissant de Maret
l'Axe s'est élancé.

Et va, que je te pousse,
glorieuse Armée de l'Axe !
Rommel décroche à Sousse,
Rommel décroche à Sfax.

Au Cap Bon en vitesse
expédiant son barda
Rommel plein d'allégresse
sur le Po s'installera.

Rommel laisse la troupe
de braves macaronis.
Ce sera pour la soupe
de l'armée Montgomery.

Ces messieurs ont le trac
et fuient sans résistance.
L'allié pour Jeanne d' Arc
pass'ra la Porte de France.

(Tune : Auprès de ma Blonde).

VIII

THE BALLAD OF KING FARUK
AND QUEEN FARIDA

O we're all black bastards, but we *do* love our king.
Every night at the flicks you can hear us fuckin' sing :

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

O you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just fuckin' wogs, but we *do* love him so,
And we all do without just to keep him on the go ;

From Sollum to Solluch,

Tel el Kebir to Tobruk,

O you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

O we're just damn niggers that a bugger brought
to birth,

But when we have a bint, then we want our money's
worth.

You may have a tarboosh,

A gamel, a gamoos,

But you can't have Farida if you ain't got filoos.

O it's no use to say, if you want to have it in,
"Be a sport, King Faruk," He would only fuckin'
grin,

You may beg on your knees,
 He would just say "Mafeesh."
 O you wont get Farida if you don't give baksheesh.

O his subjects all tell of the fame of King Faruk
 From Gezira to the Turf, from Helwan to Bab-el-Louk.
 They can tell what a sell
 Hangs their balls on a hook
 For they can't fuck Farida if they don't fuck Faruk !

If her boudoir you pass 'tween the hours of ten and two
 You will see all the Wafd standing waiting in a queue.
 Though Nahas ain't an ass,
 Though Nahas *is* a crook,
 Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

O it's not hard to see poor Delilah's up a tree,
 For the "She" wears the horns in the Lampson
 familee.
 Old Sir Miles with his wiles
 In advance tries to book—
 Still he can't fuck Farida if he don't pay Faruk.

If you feel like a grind when you've had a pint of beer,
 To the Berka wend your way, where it ain't too fuckin'
 dear.

Quais ketir, mangariyeh,
 Quais ketir gonorrhoea.
 Shuftu kus, Got filoos? Shove it up—from the rear !

Queen Farida 's very gay when Faruk has got his pay,
But she ain't so bleedin' glad when she 's in the family
way

Stanna shwaya! O desire!

Stanna shwaya! Pull your wire.

Pull your pud. Does you good. Send it higher! Send
it higher!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Hang your ballocks on a
hook!

King Faruk! King Faruk! Let the swaddies have a
look.

Quais ketir Abassia!

Bags o' beer. Shit and fear!

Up your pipe! Take a swipe! Quais ketir! Quais ketir!

O this song that you've heard is the song the Gippos
sing,

And they'd sing just the same if we made old Nahas
king.

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

Quais ketir, Nahas Pash,

O we won't mind your morals if you hand out the cash.

And this song that you 've heard is the song the Gippos
sing,

And they 'd sing just the same if they 'd Rommel for
a king.

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

Quais ketir, Rommel dear,

O we're glad you've won the battle, and we're so
bucked you're here!

FINALE

Then sing Sieg Heil for Egypt's king
And to his feet your tributes bring.

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

Quais ketir, King Faruk,

O you can't fuck Farida if you don't pay Faruk.

Tune: Salam el Malik (Egyptian National Anthem).

Chiefly the authentic version as sung (1942) in the First South African Division, Seventh Armoured Division, Ninth Australian Division, Second New Zealand Division and Fifty First Highland Division.

Glossary (Arabic)

Quais ketir—plenty good; bint—woman; tarboosh—fez; gamel—camel; gamoos—water buffalo; filoos—money; mafeesh—‘there aint none’; Bab-el-Louk—Cairene railway terminus; stanna shwaya—take it easy (*Lit.* stay a little).

IX

THE BLUBBING BUCHMANITE

When Moscow sends the call at night
“Workers of the world unite!”
The lads begin to wonder when
The human race will act like men.

And Tam (from Greenock) tells us why
The bosses send us out to die.
He says: “We Scots have gone to seed—
A revolution ’s what we need!”

But Micah Grant (from Shotts) starts in
To tell us how to deal with Sin—
He calls on us to turn again,
And then resumes his old refrain:

*“A revolution in the mind
will be more couthie, will be more kind.
A revolution in the brain
will not annoy the boss again.”*

“At times” he says “the workers feel
They’ve had a pretty rotten deal;
But if they search their inmost hearts
They’ll find that ’s due to Satan’s arts.

" I see what few have understood—
God tries the worker for his good;
Each lustful keek at Katie Brown
Will dock his wages half a crown!

" So don't provoke the Mighty God
Too sore, or you will feel the rod.
The Lord destroys that fool who fights
For earthly things like workers' rights."

*" A revolution in the mind
will be more couthie, will be more kind.
A revolution in the brain
will not annoy the boss again."*

But Tam gets back his breath and cries :
" You creeping Jesus, damn your eyes !
It 's canting cunts like you who sap
The worker's spirit. Shut your trap !

" A revolution in the soul
Will leave the bosses' profits whole.
A revolution in the heart
Won't help the workers' cause a fart.

" We cannot have too blinking few
God-awful bums the like of you!
If just once more you try to wreck
The workers' fight, I'll wring your neck."

X

BALLAD OF THE BANFFIES.

Ye can talk about your Moray loons,
Sae handsome and sae braw;
The Royal Scottish Fusiliers,
A scruffy lot and a';
The Cameronians frae the South,
They sure are mighty fine,
But in the Battle of Anzio
'Twas the Banffies held the line.

The crofters' sons o' Banffshire,
The cooper frae the glen,
The weaver frae Strathisla,
Aye, and shepherd frae the ben;
The fisher lads alang the coast,
They a' made up their min'
Tae fecht an' save their country
In Nineteen Thirty Nine.

Von Arnim knew that he was beat
When he capitulated.
The mistake he made was the Banffies
Whom he underestimated.
They chased them frae the Atlas hills
And threw them in the sea;
Then across tae Pantellaria,
Some mair territory to free.

Then Alex said: " Oor troops maun land
A few miles Sooth o' Rome;
The Banffies are my strongest point,
They sure can send it home."
They landed up at Anzio
In January Forty Four
And havena captured Rome yet
But are knockin' at the door.

Ye can talk about your Scots Guards
Sae handsome and sae strong,
But unlike oor wee Banffies
They canna haud on for long.
In years to come, when Italy
Is free, an' the Balkans too
Your bairns will read in history
How the Banffies pulled us through.

ENVOI

Where'er ye be, by land or sea
Or hirplin' in the road
If ye can meet a Banff, ye'll find
He sure can bum his load.

(Tune: The Gallant Forty Twa)

XI

GIOVINEZZA TEDESCA

(A satirical song against the Italians made by the German troops in Italy.)

O Ihr armen Italiener,
Euer Land wird immer kleener.
Sizilien haben sie Euch genommen;
Bis zum Sangro ist's gekommen.
Nettuno sind sie einst gelandet.
Rom ist Mord und brandet.
 Koeffe rollen
 Fascisten heulen
 H.J. marschiert in Schritt und Tritt.

Wenn der Nordpol italienisch
Dann wird Mussolini Koenig.
Drahtlos seinen Macaroni.
Drahtlos seinen Macaroni,
Duce, Duce, lieber Duce
Komm und lass Dich einmal knutsche.
 Duce, Duce
 Lieber Duce
 Komm und lass Dich einmal knutsch.

Tune : *Giovinezza*, the Fascist Anthem. Collected from two Viennese prisoners, Anzio Beachhead, 25th May, 1944.

TRANSLATION

O you poor Italians, your country is always getting smaller. They took Sicily away from you, and now they've got to the Sangro. Already they've landed at Nettuno—Rome is burnt and sacked. Heads are rolling, Fascists are howling . . . and the Hitler Youth marches forward in step.

When the North Pole becomes Italian, Mussolini will be King. Then he'll get his macaroni by wireless from Marconi. Dear Duce, come and let me give you a big juicy kiss !

XII

FALL OF TOBRUK

Tommy thinks he holds Tobruk.

Along the road comes Rommel.
Inside two shakes Tobruk is took
And Tommy's on the bummel.

He's on the bummel to the Rhine
Where sylphs will drive him barmy.
I think old Timoshenko's fine.
Thank God for the Red Army.

(June 1942).

XIII

SONG OF THE
ADMIRAL GRAF VON SPEE

This is the saga of the *Graf von Spee*
Pocket-battleship of the German navee.
Full up with Nazis and their nasty tricks—
All of them afraid of Himmler and his dicks.

Chorus

Graf von Spee
 feelin' mighty windy

Graf von Spee
 feelin' mighty low

Graf von Spee
 kickin' up a shindy

Davy Jones's locker, Hun, that's where you'll go !

Off she went a-sailing one September night,
Slipped the British Navy, lads, before it was light.
"I'm concerned with piracy, not anything my size.
Merchantmen and neutral ships, Gott damn their eyes!"

Newton Beach and *Alice*, *Travonian* and more
Little ships she sank them to the wild sea floor.
"Hoch," the pirates shouted, "we're the Fuehrer's
 last trick.
Guess the British Navy must be feeling mighty sick,"

Sailing east of Punta el Estec on a day,
Sighted they a Frenchy, a likely bit of prey.
Ajax, in attendance, mounted very small guns.
“Just the thing for Hitler” said these bastard Huns.

Gleeful they fell on her, till they spied afar
Exeter—*Achilles*—British ships of war.
Gaping, they shouted, getting in a blue funk,
“Are we the *Rawalpindi*? Better do a bunk.”

Three little cruisers spat their little ship's guns
At the battleship *Spee* manned with far bigger ones.
This way she twisted, and that way she ran—
Never was such running since the war began.

Into Montevideo limped the great *Graf Spee*,
The Heinies' pride and the terror of the sea.
The spry little cruisers were in great fighting trim,
Singing *Deutschland ueber Alles*, such a truthful hymn!

“Nobody loves us,” the Commander cried.
“If Harwood gets us, we'll be taken for a ride.
Uruguay don't want us, but mein Gott who'd dare
To fight those British Schweinehunds who 're waiting
out there.”

Out of Montevideo did the *Graf Spee* sail,
But as she went under you could hear her wail:
“Sink me in the fairway, to teach 'em the *von Spee*
Can still do her bit as a menace to the sea.”

Tune : Casey Jones-ish. I heard this ballad sung in
a Sussex pub (1940) and have compared the text with
a written version I got in Libya (1942).

XIV

LILI MARLEEN

(a) THE ORIGINAL

Vor der Kaserne, vor dem grossen Tor
stand eine Laterne, und steht sie noch davor
so wolln wir da uns wiedersehn,
bei der Laterne wolln wir stehn
wie einst Lili Marleen,
wie einst Lili Marleen,

Unsere beiden Schatten sahn wie einer aus.
Dass wir so lieb uns hatten, das sah man gleich daraus.
Und alle Leute solln es sehn,
wenn wir bei der Laterne stehn
wie einst Lili Marleen,
wie einst Lili Marleen,

Schon rief der Posten, sie blasen Zapfenstreich,
es kann drei Tage kosten. Kamerad ich komm
sogleich.

Da sagten wir Auf Wiedersehn.
Wie gerne wollt' ich mit dir gehn,
mit dir Lili Marleen,
mit dir Lili Marleen,

Deine Schritte kennt sie, deinen zieren Gang,
alle Abend brennt sie, doch mich vergass sie lang.

Und sollte mir ein Leid geschehn,
wer wird bei der Laterne stehn
mit dir Lili Marleen,
mit dir Lili Marleen?

Aus dem stillen Raume, aus der Erde Grund
hebt mich wie im Traume dein verliebter Mund.
Wenn sich die spaeten Nebel drehn,
werd' ich bei der Laterne stehn
wie einst Lili Marleen,
wie einst Lili Marleen.

TRANSLATION

In front of the barracks, in front of the big gate,
there stood a lamp-post, and it still stands there. Let's
hope we see each other again there and stand by the
lamp-post as we used to do, Lili Marleen.

Our two shadows looked like one. Everyone could
see from that how deeply in love we were. And every-
one shall see it when we stand by the lamp-post as we
used to, Lili Marleen.

The sentry has been shouting, they're sounding the
retreat. It might cost me three days. . . Comrade, I'm
coming at once. And so we said Au Revoir. How
gladly I would have gone with you, with you, Lili
Marleen.

The lamp knows your footsteps, your dainty walk;
every evening it burns, but me it forgot long
ago. And should any harm come my way, who'll stand
then by the lamp-post with you, Lili Marleen?

Out of the silent resting-place, out of the earth's
embrace I'm lifted as in a dream by your mouth.
When the night mists are drifting I'll stand again by
the lamp-post, as we used to do, Lili Marleen.

(b). THE ITALIAN VERSION

Tutte le sere, sotto quel fanal
presso la caserma, ti stavo ad aspettar.
Anche staser' aspetterò
e tutto il mondo scorderò
con te Lili Marlene,
con te Lili Marlene,

O trombettiere stasera non suonar,
una volta ancora la voglio salutar.
Addio piccina, dolce amor,
ti tenerò sempre in cuor
con me Lili Marlene,
con me Lili Marlene.

Dammi una rosa per tenere sul cuor,
legola col filo dei tuoi capelli d'or.
Forse domani piangerai,
Ma dopo tu sorriderai
—a chi, Lili Marlene,
—a chi, Lili Marlene?

Quando nel fango debbo caminar,
sotto il mio bottino mi sento vacillar.
Penso che ne sarà di me,
ma poi sorrido e penso a te,
a te, Lili Marlene,
a te, Lili Marlene,

Se chiudo gli occhi, il viso tuo m'appar,
come quella sera nel cerchio del fanal.

Tutte le sere sogno allor
 di ritornar, di riposar
 con te Lili Marlene,
 con te Lili Marlene,

The above is a fairly close translation of the original, except that roses have been inserted and the mists left out.

(c). PARODIES

At No. 2 will be found the best known English words to the Lili Marleen tune—"The D-Day Dodgers."

i

German parodies of the song are legion. Here are a few selected stanzas.

In dem Westen Moskaus, vor dem grossen Tor
 steht die deutsche Wehrmacht, und kommt ja nicht
 mehr vor.

Und alle Leute solln es sehn
 Wie Adolf Hitler zu Grunde geht
 wie einst Napoleon,
 wie einst Napoleon,

Auf der Strasse westwärts marschirt ein Bataillon.
 Das sind die Ueberreste der zehnten Division.

Moskau haben sie nie gesehen,
 Denn sie mussten stiftet gehen
 wie einst Napoleon,
 wie einst Napoleon,

Schon rief der Posten, die Russen kommen gleich!
Das kann dein Leben kosten. Kamerad drum lauf
sogleich!

Und sollte dir ein Leid geschehen,
Muss du zu dem Verbandsplatz gehen
wie einst la grande Armée
wie einst la grande Armée

TRANSLATION

To the West of Moscow, before the great gates there stands the German Army and it can't advance a yard. So everyone can see how Adolf Hitler comes to grief, as Napoleon did before him.

On the road west a battalion is marching. They are the remains of the Tenth Division.* They never saw Moscow because they had to beat it, like Napoleon before them.

The sentry has shouted "The Russians are coming! It may cost you your life—you'd better run, comrade. And if you get hurt you'll have to go and get patched up, like the Grande Armée before you."

ii

The 4th Parachutist Division, fighting on the Anzio front in Italy, produced the following:

Auf der Via Appia steht ein Bataillon,
Das sind die Ueberreste der vierten Division.

* Possibly 10th Panzer Division, or (more probably) 10th Panzer Grenadier Division, which also had heavy losses on the Central Sector.

Und alle Leute solln es sehn
Wie Fallschirmjaeger stiften gehen
wie einst die Infanterie,
wie einst die Infanterie.

TRANSLATION

On the Appian Way there stands a Battalion. That's all that's left of the 4th Division. And everyone should see how Paratroops take to their heels just like the Infantry before them!

XV

A PIONEER CORPS BALLAD

O we cut down the old pine tree
And we gave it to the A.M.P.C.
To make a coffin of pine
For old Hitler the swine
Yes we cut down the old pine tree.

For Hitler's sleepin' sound in his grave tonight,
And that's where old Musso ought to be.

O the A.M.P.C. are the finest in the land
And they cut down the old pine tree.

Sung 1940 by the A.M.P.C.—Auxiliary Military
Pioneer Corps—now the Royal Pioneer Corps.

XVI

CANAGLIA PEZZENTE

Noi siam la canaglia pezzente
Noi siamo che suda e lavora.
Cessiam di soffrire ch' è l'ora
Cessiam di soffrire ch' è l'ora
Ai Soviet stringiamo la mano
L'Italia farem sovietista.
Abbasso il regime fascista
Sorgiamo che giunta è la fin
Sorgiamo che giunta è la fin
Viva i Soviet, viva Lenin!
Viva i Soviet, viva Stalin!

La falce e il martello è lo stemma
Non più vagabondi e signori
Il pane ad ognun che lavori
Il pane ad ognun che lavori
Ai ladri del nostro sudore
Giustizia nei cuori già freme
Spezziam le sue vili catene
Sorgiamo che giunta è la fin
Sorgiamo che giunta è la fin
Viva i Soviet, viva Lenin!
Viva i Soviet, viva Stalin!

Già trema la casa Savoia
Bagnata di fango e di sangue
Già frema il popolo che langue
Già frema il popolo che langue
Fratellanza e giustizia chiediamo
Nel mondo siamo tutti fratelli
Noi siamo le schiere ribelli
Sorgiamo che giunta è la fin
Sorgiamo che giunta è la fin
Viva i Soviet, viva Lenin!
Viva i Soviet, viva Stalin!

This song was much sung by the Tuscan partisans, including the famous Garibaldi Division of the Arno, whose already legendary General "Potente" was killed in action against the 4th German Paratroop Division in Florence (August, 1944).

TRANSLATION

We are the "penniless canaille," we are those who do the sweating and working. And it's time we stopped doing the suffering too. Let us take the Soviets by the hand; we'll make Italy soviet! Down with the Fascist regime—let us rise for the end is at hand.

Long live the Soviets! Long live Lenin and Stalin!

The hammer and sickle our emblem, no longer bosses and under-dogs—bread shall go to all who work, and justice to robbers of our sweat. We are the rebel army. We'll break their vile chains—let us rise for the end is at hand.

Long live the Soviets! Long live Lenin and Stalin!

The House of Savoy, covered in dirt and blood, is trembling, and our languishing people thrills to action. We demand fraternity and justice. In the world we are all brothers. We are the rebel army. Let us rise for the end is at hand.

Long live the Soviets! Long live Lenin and Stalin!

XVII

KENNST DU DEN AVANTI SCHRITT?

Kennst du den Avanti schritt?
Ein Schritt vor und zehn zurueck.

Ja, ja, den kenn ich schon,
Denn ich komm direkt von Rom.

Wenn du willst Tedesco sehen
Muss du schon am Brenner stehen.

Jetzt sind sie an den Alpen;
Adolf kann sie nicht mehr halten....

Was sind Adolfs neue Waffen ?
Die jungen Buben, die alten Affen.

From the desert days onwards the Italian word *Avanti* (Forwards) became for the Germans a synonym for retreat. To "do an Avanti" meant to beat it good and proper. The above pungent little rhyme became popular with the Germans not long after the fall of Florence.

TRANSLATION

Do you know what the Avanti step is? One step forward and ten back.

Yes, yes, I know it well, for I 've just come straight from Rome.

If you want to see Tedesco (*a German*) you've already got to go to the Brenner.

Now they're at the Alps; Adolf can't hold them any longer. . .

What are Adolf's new weapons? The young laddies and the old apes.

XVIII .

PHONEY WAR—WESTERN FRONT

It was Christmas Day in the Workhouse
And dangerous Dan McGrew
Was fighting to save the pudding
For a lady by the name of Sue.

All was quiet on the Western Front,
The waves were beating on the shore;
So send for the life-boat at Wigan—
We've never had it from there before.

XIX

PER VOI
FANCIULLE BELLE DELLA VIA

Per voi, fanciulle belle della via,
Per voi, future spose di domani,
Per voi, che siete tutta poesia,
Che sorridete a tutti partigiani,
Per voi le canzoni canteremo,
E dalla schiavitù vi leveremo.

Ohè partigiani
c'è da menar le mani Hurra!
c'è da menar le mani Hurra!

Quando l'Italia sarà liberata
E gli squadristi non esisteranno,
La schiavitù sarà dimenticata
E tutti al suo lavoro torneranno
E ringraziar dovranno solo quelli
Che un giorno si chiamarono ribelli.

Ohè partigiani
Siamo veri Italiani Hurra!
Siamo veri Italiani Hurra!

This ballad, which goes to a very attractive tune, was exceedingly popular among the Central Italian partisans.

TRANSLATION

For you, pretty girls along the road, for you the future brides of tomorrow, for you who are poetry yourselves and who smile at every partisan—for you we will sing our songs, and we'll lift you out of your slavery.

Partisans, there's a job to do.

When Italy is liberated and the squadristi (Fascists) exist no longer, our slavery will be forgotten and each man will go back to his own job. And the only ones they will have to thank will be those who earned the name rebels.

Partisans! We are true Italians.

XX

BALLAD OF ANZIO

When the M.G.s stop their chatter
And the cannons stop their roar
And you're back in dear old Blighty
In your favourite pub once more;
When the small talk is all over
And the war tales start to flow,
You can stop the lot by telling
Of the fight at Anzio.

Let them bum about the desert,
Let them talk about Dunkirk,
Let them brag about the jungles
Where the Japanese did lurk.

Let them boast about their campaign
And their medals till they 're red:
You can put the lot to silence
When you mention—the beachhead.

You can tell of Anzio Archie
And the Factory, where the Huns
Used to ask us out to breakfast
As they rubbed against our guns.
You can talk of night patrolling
They know nothing of at home
And can tell them that you learned it
On the beachhead—south of Rome.

You can tell them how the Heinies
Tried to break us with attacks,
Using tanks, bombs and flamethrowers
And how we flung them back.
You can tell them how we took it
And dished it out as well.
How we thought it was a picnic
And Tedeschi thought it hell.

And when the tale is finished
And going time is near
Just fill your pipes again, lads,
And finish up your beer.
Then order up another pint
And drink before you go
To the boys that fought beside you
On the beach at Anzio.

(Composed by an unknown member of the 2nd
Battalion The Royal Scots Fusiliers.)

XXI

AN R.A. BALLAD

Now all you maidens sweet and kind
Just bear in mind
A soldier's love is hard to find.
So when you 've found one good and true
Don't change the old love for a new.

She was a maiden sweet and kind
Brought up in high society.
A soldier in this Battery
Came and stole that girl away from me.

Her father came home late one night
And found his house without a light.
He went upstairs to go to bed
—When a certain thought came to his head.

He went into his daughter's room
And found her hanging from a beam.
He took a knife and cut her down
And on her breast this note he found:

*My love is for a soldier boy
Who's gone across the deep blue sea;
I often seem to think of him
But he never seems to think of me.*

*I wish my baby could be born
Then all my troubles would be gone;
But dig my grave and dig it deep
And place white lilies round my feet.*

Then all you maidens sweet and kind
Just bear in mind
A soldier's love is hard to find.
So when you 've found one good and true
Don't change the old love for a new.

(This ballad was much sung, especially in the earlier years of the war)

XXII

ROUND AND ROUND HITLER'S GRAVE

I wish I had a bushel,
I wish I had a peck;
I wish I had old Hitler
With a rope around his neck.

*Round and round Hitler's grave
Round and round we go;
Gonna lay that poor boy down,
He wont get up no mo'.*

Mussolini wont last long,
Tell you the reason why,
We're a-gonna salt his beef
And hang it up to dry.

The German Army's general staff,
I guess they missed connection,
Went a hundred miles a day,
But in the wrong direction.

I tell you Adolf Hitler,
And all your thievin' kind,
Takes just a five cent bullet
To ease your restless mind.

Hitler's travellin' mighty fast
But he's on a single track.
Started down that Moscow road
But now he's coming back.

*And round and round old Hitler's grave,
Round and round we go;
Gonna lay that poor boy down,
He wont get up no mo'.*

Tune : *Old Joe Clark*. The text was made up by the Almanac Singers of the U.S.A. It was published in 1942 by Bob Miller Inc., New York; and included in "Corn on the Cob," A. L. Lloyd's collection of American ballads. (Fore Publications, 1945).

XXIII

LIED DES DEUTSCHEN
AFRIKA KORPS

In der lybischen Wueste die Fuenfte einst stand
die Fahrzeuge begraben die Schnauze im Sand
sie sprachen von Deutschland, von Bier und von Wein
in der lybischen Wueste da gibt es kein.

Chorus

Fahr mich nach Neapel, nach Rom und nach Hause
da gibt es Bier, auch Wein und auch Brause.
Der Sandsturm ist trocken, die Sonne brennt heiss,
und das Maedel in der Heimat von allem nichts
weiss.

In der Frueh um halb sechse da wird man geweckt
man kriecht aus dem Zelte und ist gaenzlich verdreckt
gewaschen wird garnichts, das Wasser ist knapp
genau zwei Liter muessen reichen pro Tag.

Zur frueh Karo—einfach, schlechten Kaffee dazu,
zum Mittag gibts garnichts, nur zwei Stunden Ruh.
Und abends Macaroni mit Backobst und Wein,
das ist leider alles was in den Magen kommt rein.

Der Kopf wird geschoren, der Bart wird gepflegt—
wie Kahlarsch mit Ohren durch die Wueste man fegt
wir fangen Skorpione und Schlangen dazu
und jammern die Hoffnung, Reserve hat Ruh,

TRANSLATION

Song of the Afrika Korps

In the Libyan desert the Fifth* was stationed, their vehicles burying their noses in the sand. They spoke of Germany, of beer and of wine—you can't get any in the Libyan desert.

Chorus—Take me back to Naples, to Rome and then home: it's there I'd get beer, wine and a bath into the bargain. The sandstorm is dry, the sun burns hot—and your girl at home doesn't know a thing about it.

You're woken up at five thirty in the morning; you creep out of your tent and you're caked with muck. You can't wash anything, for water is scarce—exactly two litres must do you for a day.

For breakfast dry bread, and bad coffee to wash it down; at mid-day nothing but two hours' rest. And for supper macaroni with stewed fruit and wine—that's all you get to keep you going.

Our heads are close-cropped but our beards sprout freely. We sweep through the desert like bare arses with wings. We catch scorpions and snakes as well, and hope to God we'll get some rest in the rear.

* The Fifth Light Motorised Division, the first German formation to land in Africa (February 1941). It later became the 21st Armoured Division.